THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
VOLUME II
NUMBER 46

DECEMBER 25, 1929 FIVE CENTS

Paul Flanders
Drawer Z

PROPOSED BOND ISSUE GOES SKYWARD

When the City Council meets on January second, machinery will be set in motion for submitting to taxpayers a proposal to vote $85,000 in bonds for town hall and fire department purposes.

Detailed estimates as to the disposition of the amount, if made available, are in course of preparation. Roughly the allotment would be as follows:

To acquisition of Block 69 (a book-keeping transaction by which the town hall fund would purchase the property from the park fund) $10,000

Equipment for the fire department $15,000

Preparation of site and erection of town hall, fire station and jail $60,000

Legal formalities with which it is necessary to comply will defer the question going to a vote before the latter part of February or early in March.

THE SIGN INVASION

Inquiries at the town hall resulted in the information that no permits have been issued for the new-type electric signs which have made their appearance on Ocean and Dolores.

The matter is in the hands of the city attorney.

DELIVERY OF THE CARMELITE

Complaints—justifiable complaints—have been made by Carmelite subscribers regarding the delayed receipt of their copies through the post office.

Copies of The Carmelite for local distribution are delivered to the post office on the day of publication — Wednesday — usually not later than four in the afternoon. If, as happened last week and has happened previously. The Carmelite was not placed in subscribers' boxes until late Thursday afternoon it is for the post office to offer an explanation.

LINOLEUM CUT BY STANLEY WOOD

Linoleum cut by Patsy Ball (aged eight)

Around Town . .

Dr. August Mahr of Stanford is in Carmel for the holidays.

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Initial steps in the formation of a county association of registered nurses were taken at a meeting held last week at Carmel Hospital. Nurses from Salinas, King City and Monterey were in attendance.

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Sunset school's Christmas play, "The Nativity," reviewed in last week's issue of The Carmelite, had its final presentation at the school auditorium on Friday evening.

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Archery competitions on horseback at Douglas School and golfing scenes at the Boys' Country Club were filmed last week by a Pathe News camera-man.

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Miss Hester Schoeninger, who is enrolled at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, is home for the holidays.

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Mrs. Fulton, Mrs. Tooker and her three children, Leslie, Fulton and Virginia, will be in Carmel over the Christmas holidays.

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Miss Elizabeth Hollis of Carmel Highlands entertained at tea last Wednesday for the rural teachers and supervisors of the central coast district who were in attendance at the annual institute in Monterey. Mrs. Katherine Gray Hooton, school superintendent of San Benito county, presided at the tea table, assisted by Miss Joy Anthony, Mrs. Hyler, Miss Hopper and Miss Caroline Wood. About eighty guests called during the afternoon.

■ ■

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Hanks are back in Carmel for the winter in the McLaughlin cottage on San Antonio.

■ ■

On Friday evening, the thirteenth instant, Imre Weisshaus, Ella Winter and Virginia Tooker were sitting in the lounge of the Hotel Canterbury, recently acquired by Kent Clark, in San Francisco. Enter Clay Otto and Janie Johnston, just married.

"Oh dear!" cried Janie, or words to that effect, "Of course, the lounge **would** be full of Carmelites."

■ ■

Comes word from Mrs. Albert Rhys Williams, buried in snow somewhere on Vancouver Island:

"We're tied up in a blizzard early in December, but hope some hunter passes our way to carry this to the post office.

"What news of Carmel?

"I'm concentrating on the baby—he weighs twenty-two pounds at nine months, and just got his first tooth, we were thinking of investing in a false set. He is a regular tough, and we find that the very latest discoveries of science point to this very spot as the most ideal for growing humanity.

"Rhys is busy writing about Tatars. I can only tell you about bears, blackberries and clamdigging by moonlight, there are a few remote farms and Italians, Chinese and various other nationalities scattered about; for the bush is far more removed from civilization than any 'deaf' village I ever visited——"

■ ■

Ware from the shelves of Caroline Kimball's Porcelain Shop has afforded illustrative material for an article in the current issue of "California Arts and Architecture." The photographs are by Roger Sturtevant.

■ ■

The fantastic little house at Ocean and Lincoln—erstwhile abode of the Peninsula Realty Co.—has migrated to a site adjoining the Monte Verde apartments.

■ ■

Last week the Seven Arts received an order with remittance for "One Chianti bottle"—whether filled or not was unspecified. It was a simple matter of deduction for Herbert Heron to pass the order on to Rummelle's next door, but not so easy to erase the memories evoked.

Linoleum cut by R. O'Crotty.

PETER PAN

On Sunday last, through the courtesy and thoughtfulness of the Carmel P. T. A., a great treat was given to the children of the Peninsula. From Monterey, Pacific Grove and Carmel they came in droves to the Carmel Playhouse (given rent-free by Edward Kuster) with a very small sprinkling of those necessary evils—grown-ups—in their van.

"Looks like the Pied Piper had arrived in Carmel," said one onlooker standing outside the Playhouse at one-thirty. For two and a half hours the children sat, cheerful or sad with Peter, revengeful with Jim Hook, malicious with "Tinker" Bell. "Oh look, Peter Pan is fighting Captain Hook single handle!" rang out the cry. "Does he know the plank doesn't end nowhere?" asked another. It was noticeable how many more boys than girls were in the audience. (Is even the youngest generation being influenced by the "back to femininity" cry of this year?)

TRAIN SERVICE

Announcement was made last week by the Southern Pacific that the club car, in a modernized version, would be restored on the Del Monte Express.

Service clubs in Monterey have taken the lead in requesting the railway to alter the schedules of trains serving the Peninsula; in particular, to have a later hour set for the departure of the Del Monte Express from San Francisco.

SLIGHT ERROR

The other day a lady bravely drove straight on from the Ocean end of Dolores without stopping at the "Stop" signal. Enter Gus waving his arms: "Hey, STOP! Can't you read?"

The lady: "Oh, I'm so sorry Gus, I didn't see you."

FREDERICK PRESTON SEARCH

A CHRISTMAS OFFERING OF MUSIC

Following is the program to be rendered by the Frederick Preston Search Trio at eight-thirty tomorrow (Thursday) evening at Carmel Playhouse.

Members of the trio are Frederick Preston Search, violincellist; Arthur Gundersen, violinist, and Gordon Wilson, pianist.

The concert has been arranged by the Woman's Club as a community offering. There will be no admission charge.

I
Aria: My Heart Ever Faithful ..... Bach
Declaration of Love (from String Quartet) ..... Raff
Sonia's Song (Old Russian Folk Song from the Ukraine) ..... Transcribed by Siloti

II Piano Solos

MR. GORDON WILSON

III Violin Solos:
Dirge of the North ..... Balogh-Kreisler
Waltz ..... Hummel-Burmester
La Gitana ..... Kreisler
Prelude ..... F. P. Search

MR. ARTHUR GUNDERSEN

IV Trio:
Mariettas Lied zur Laute from "Die Tote Stadt" ..... Erick Korngold
Swan Song and Lohengrin's Farewell ..... Wagner
Hungarian Dance in G Minor ..... Brahms

V Violoncello Solos:
Siciliano ..... Pergolesi
Minuet ..... F. P. Search
Gavotte in D ..... David Popper

FREDERICK PRESTON SEARCH

VI Two Movements from the D Minor Trio ..... Mendelssohn
Molto Allegro ed Agitato
Finale, Allegro assai appassionato

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CHRISTMAS PAGEANT AT DOUGLAS SCHOOL

Last Friday morning, the Yuletide spirit of Merrie Englande, the spirit that ruled the Christmas feasts at the court of jolly Prince Hal, lived again at Douglas School, when the students presented their annual Christmas Pageant. The Great Hall with its glowing red fire and its heavy beams decked with green boughs brought within the pungent fragrance of the woods, and the whole formed a cheery setting for the bright costumes of the masquers.

All of the children participated. The troupe entered slowly, singing "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," led by two small trumpeters. Then followed the Lord and Lady with their Christmas Court—the log-bearers, the Wise Men, the Wassailer bearing the steaming bowl, the Morris dancers.

The significance of the true spirit of Christmas was enhanced by the songs the Carolers sang; the merriment of the seasonal celebration was furnished by the sprightly Morris dancers as they whirled through their figures and the jingling verses that the characters recited.

Following the presentation of the pageant, there was a party with the usual Christmas tree, presents and refreshments.

The cast of the pageant was as follows:

Lord—Alice Adams.

Lady—Jean Hobbs.

Trumpeters—Boice Richardson, Sturtevant Hobbs.

Log Bearers — Stuyvesant Fish, Billy Wheeler, Phillip Hatton, Junior Merrell.

Candle Bearers—Patty Mack, Mary Jane Ford, Mary Morse, Virginia Wheeler.

Wise Men—Barry Flanders, Ted Marble, Whitman Hobbs.

Court Jester—Betty Barker.

Morris Dancers—Carol Stambaugh, Nancy Stambaugh, Ida Jean Hyde, Polly Forsyth, Katherine Goodfellow, Jane Pitou.

Boar's Head—Dorothy Graft.

Wassail Bowl—Louise Parke, Betty Reynolds.

Angels—Betty Hunter, Patsy Ford.

PENINSULA ARTISTS IN NATIONAL EXHIBIT

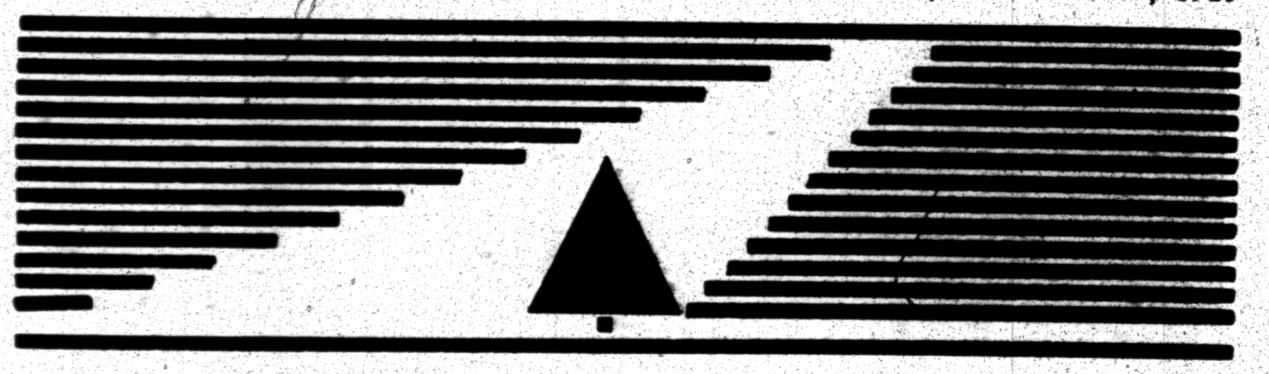
Monterey Peninsula has the distinction of being represented by three of its artists in the exhibition of paintings purchased by the National Academy of Design from the Henry Ward Ranger Fund, which opened at the National Gallery of Art in Washington on December eleventh. Prominent among the seventy-four painters whose work is shown are William Ritschel, Arthur Hill Gilbert and Armin Hansen.

Henry Ward Ranger, himself an artist of note and a member of the National Academy, died in 1916, leaving his entire estate to the Academy with the provision that the income be used to purchase pictures by living American artists, the majority to be by artists over forty-five years of age.

These pictures are assigned by the academy to art associations, museums and libraries, with the reservation that the National Gallery of Art, Smithsonian Institution, may claim any picture it deems desirable for the national collection within the five year period beginning ten years after the artist's death.

Up to the present time seventy-eight pictures have been purchased with the income from the Ranger fund. It is these seventy-eight paintings that compose the current exhibition in Washington, for the canvases have been assembled for the first time for a group exhibition.

Among the artists whose work has been purchased are Cecilia Beaux, Frank W. Benson, Ernest L. Blumenschein, Belmore Browne, Emil Carlsen, John F. Carlson, E. Irving Couse, Jerry Farnsworth, Gordon Grant, Lillian Westcott Hale, Childe Hassam, John C. Johansen, Leon Kroll, E. W. Redfield, Chauncey F. Ryder, Gardner Symons, Douglas Volk and Frederick J. Waugh.



THE PRINCESS' CHRISTMAS TREE

Yesterday there was a princess. She lived far away in a city that was like every other city. Her father had a palace like other palaces, and sat on his throne just as all the princess' fathers had sat on their thrones for hundreds of years.

But the princess was not like any other princess. Her eyes were much more blue, and she was always thinking of things that no one else had thought of. Often she did not like the way things had always been done. She did not like to see houses in a row all alike, nor could she bear the thought of animals being killed for her to eat. Her desire to change old ways for new was very displeasing to her father.

Now when Christmas time grew near, and the men began to go out into the forest to cut down the trees and bring them into the city for Christmas trees, the princess became very angry.

"I want no such tree for my Christmas-tree," she cried. "I want a living tree. A tree that grows itself into a Christmas-tree right in the place itself, where all the children may play and sing around it, and where it grows the year around, never withering."

"But there is no such place," her father said. "A tree in a city street would be cut down. When a Christmas tree is wanted, then a tree is cut from the forest and brought in."

"I want no tree cut from the forest," the princess insisted. "I want a tree that is growing, that goes right on growing!"

The princess' father sighed, but knew that there was no use arguing. So, "What ho!" he cried. "What ho, heralds! Go forth and find the princess her living Christmas tree!"

Then five hundred heralds went forth and were gone for a week and a day, but found no such tree as the princess had described.

"What ho! What ho!" cried the king excitedly, as the heralds told how everywhere they had found only towns lined with cut-down Christmas trees, "What ho! Bring me one thousand reindeer drivers, and let them go speedily to the ends of the earth and find where the living Christmas tree grows, for the princess sickens of disappointment, and Christmas is only ten days away!"

Swiftly jingled the reindeer drivers, traveling all the accustomed routes, but nowhere did they find such a tree as the princess had described.

"What ho! What ho! What ho!" cried the king, now at his wits' end, for Christmas was only two days away, and the princess refused to leave her room until her Christmas tree was found.

Now ever since she was a tiny baby, the princess had watched a long shaft of light that slanted its way into her room in the beginning of the morning, and she had dreamed dreams of walking up on it and out into the Space. And now that no one could find her Christmas tree, she watched this light more than ever, and wondered if it could lead her up to where all things were living and growing and all the children playing.

The day before Christmas a strange whirring sound was heard, and before the city knew it, an airplane had made its landing right in front of the palace.

"A messenger for the king!" the pilot cried. "We have found the princess' Christmas tree!"

Then all the people shouted, "The Christmas tree is found," and the princess, hearing, ran down from her room.

"Where, where," she sang, "Where is my Christmas tree?"

"Far, far away, most gracious one, far away is a strange little place by the sea, where is just such a tree as you have longed for. If you will come with me, we shall see it to-night."

Then the princess and the princess' father stepped into the ship, and swiftly they rose into the air. Right up into the princess' shaft of light they rose, and westward they flew. For many hours they sailed toward the setting sun, until, as the shaft of light changed from the sun's gold to the moon's pale silver, the princess heard a singing.

She caught her father's hand, and her eyes grew bluer than ever. "Listen, oh listen," she cried. A sound as of innumerable children faintly singing reached their ears, and as they sank gently downwards they clearly heard the words, "Silent Night, Holy Night."

The princess in awe saw her slender shaft of light shining over a great Christmas tree which was growing right out of the ground in the midst of a city street. Long silver lines were dripping from it, and round the tree were children and fathers and mothers happily singing, and with the children were dogs, and down at the end of the street was a shining water.

"Oh father," the princess whispered, let us stay here. Must you be king forever? Let us stay here and live, where the Christmas tree grows."

Then all of a sudden the princess' father knew that he need be a king on his throne no longer, but that he might stay and live by the tree and the shining water.

And so the princess and her father stayed there, and they built themselves a house unlike any house they had ever seen, but which was just what they wanted and what they needed. And every year after that they stood in the city street with all the others and sang "Holy Night" around the Christmas tree which looked down on the shining water. —D. D.

ON THE MUSICAL HORIZON: THE ROTH QUARTET

Its season auspiciously inaugurated by the Horowitz recital, the Carmel Music Society is now looking forward to the coming of the Roth Quartet on January twelfth.

Within a relatively short period the Roth Quartet have made for themselves what is conceded to be an unusual success in the history of quartet playing in America. In 1928 they were invited to play at the Coolidge Festival in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. They were to make four appearances, following which they had planned to return to Europe. American music lovers were not to be so easily denied, for there were insistent demands that the Quartet's stay be extended for another week or so. This they decided to do, but after a week there were more engagements, and still more, until they were finally compelled to return to Europe to fill previous engagements.

When they arrived from the Continent, they were unknown except to a few friends of Mrs. E. S. Coolidge, who had selected them to play at the Pittsfield Festival, yet when they left after staying forty days in America they had played seventeen engagements, all of which took place during what is considered the dullest part of the concert season.

At Pittsfield their reception was an unqualified success. During the days preceding their first appearance there had been much speculation as to who and what these players were. An organization only three years old at the time, they had come unheralded to play before a most critical musical audience. The Roths took the stage, four young men looking their nationality, and with the poise that bespoke authority. Then they started to play, and immediately their listeners were sitting up in their chairs, alert, recognizing that they were in the presence of master musicians. Applause increased following each successive number, until the audience finally rose and cheered—an unusual spectacle at Pittsfield.

The critics' opinions may be summed up in the words of Olin Downes of the New York "Times": "If the many beneficent and fruitful labors of Mrs. E. S. Coolidge had resulted only in the introduction here of this group of players she would have earned the thanks and congratulations of American lovers of music."

■ ■

THE ROTH QUARTET AND THE MODERNS

The Roth Quartet, which is to appear at the Theatre of the Golden Bough on January twelfth, is in intimate contact with most of the composers of our time who have established themselves as the 'advance guard' in new music. At many of the Modern Music Festivals in Europe they often meet and work with the composers themselves; by which process the correct understanding of performances of music is secured. Among the composers who are in constant contact with these players are Arnold Schonberg; Bela Bartok; Alfredo Casella; Ernst Bloch; Maurice Ravel; Arthur Honegger and A. Tansman. Many of the younger composers have dedicated their work to the Roth Quartet; such as Frank Bridge; G[illegible]osens; Lowrie; Mendelsohn (Joachim) Rubin; Schoen; Schulhoff; Szanto; Vogel.

The first concerto ever written for a string quartet and orchestra was written especially for the Roth Quartet in early 1929 by Conrad Beck, a young Swiss composer. The Roths have in their repertoire all the classics, and all the important modern works for a string quartet.

AT GALERIE BEAUX ARTS

Water-colors by artist-members will be shown at the Galerie Beaux Arts, 166 Geary street, San Francisco, from December twenty-ninth to January thirteenth.

Marian Simpson will have an exhibit of oils, water-colors and drawings at the Galerie from January fifteenth to thirty-first.

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL - BY - THE - SEA
CALIFORNIA

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Let's See Now . .

by LINCOLN STEFFENS

SANTA CLAUS? Yes, children, there is a Santa Claus, and, if any grown-up says there is not, you tell the grown-up that Santa Claus Exists as Justice exists among men and Peace on Earth; or Faith, Hope or Charity; or Liberty; or Democracy; or Homer, Hamlet and Peter Pan. Exactly. Santa Claus comes and he goes as good-will comes and goes into and out of the hearts of men, now and then, but leaving always some gift behind, some plaything to make something real out of.

And then, that is the reason why grown-ups shake their heads over Santa Claus: they do not make something real out of the playthings of their wish-dreams as we would. They do not understand "pertending," as we do, and the difference between make-believe and really and truly. They cannot play any more and wonder. They can only work, and believe, and they really and truly pretend. Poor things. Grown-ups are grown up, and they have left their toys, broken, unfinished, forgotten, all over the floor for us to stumble over or, if you please, to take and make something beautiful out of, as all children do, and poets, and as Santa Claus does who creates out of one day a year—one ordinary, dull, grown-up workday—a merry Christmas.

■ ■

MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS has been tattling on Major-General Smedley D. Butler of the United States Marine Corps. The novelist, who is one of the modern muck-rakers, reported to Senator Borah some remarks the big Marine made in a speech at Pittsburg that warrant "immediate Senate investigation." As one of the old-school muck-rakers, I protest. I believe Gen. Butler made those remarks; and then some. I have heard him talk and I have seen his Marines in action; and it is fierce. If General Butler spoke at all he spoke as the Marines act—straight and rough. There is no bunk about the U. S. Marines. When they get an order, they understand it and having understood, they execute it—straight and rough; whether in our colonies, on the European front, or in a speech at the rear in Pittsburg. And that hurts; some times it kills. And there is something wrong about it. But it is not the Marines that are wrong.

It is the orders the Marines get that should be investigated. Sinclair Lewis, if he would stop to think,—any experienced reporter, every "wise" muck-raker, would know that. Let the novelist and the chairman of the Senate committee on Foreign Affairs call for and read the instructions issued from time to time to the United States Marine Corps. And let them read those instructions as the Marines read them—with low-brow imagination, with hard-boiled, experienced knowledge of their high-brow superiors.

There is bunk in all orders to the United States Marine Corps. When the War Department transmits a diplomatic wish of the State Department to have the Marines proceed to Nicaragua and restore order and guard the polls, the Marines pucker up their low brows and ask what does the high-guy want. He wants order restored, sure, but the fact that he sends the Marines means that he wants it done swiftly and surely; and the Marines "get" him and they "get" order in Nicaragua and they elect our candidate.

They report the numbers killed on both sides and there is no come-back.

On the contrary, when there's a strike in Haiti and elections on, the warriors are shipped from Nicaragua to the nigger-island. What for? The diplomatic instructions are again to restore order and then to preserve it at the polls. The Marines rub their rough necks, tumble to the fact that the U. S. Government wants the strikers to die and the electors to choose the party that favors American business and those things are done.

The Marines de-bunk their orders, and that's what the novelist and the Senator for Idaho should do: get down to what those orders really meant. And they should remember that the hard-boiled translations of the hard-boiled Marines have been not attacked but accepted; that the spirit of Gen. Butler's speech at Pittsburg and of his Marines' actions in Latin America has been highly appreciated, encouraged and used more and more by the U. S. Government, and rightly, too. The U. S. Marines are the most honest, efficient and revealing arm of the War, Navy and State Departments of the American Empire.

Maybe it is that, our imperialism, which is wrong. Maybe the U. S. Marines would look and sound and do right, if their orders were to do something better, like, for example, clearing up the police-criminal alliances of Chicago, New York and—anywhere at home.

But, whether this be likely or not, no muck-raker should wish to caution the Marines to mend their manners lest they give away their superiors in the State Department and Wall Street; and certainly no novelist should ask a "character" like Gen. Butler to become a hypocrite and talk like a General Babbitt.

■ ■

PENNSYLVANIA has borne out the theory that Mr. Vare was a true representative of the condition and character of that great state by appointing Joseph R. Grundy in his place. And Senator Grundy, by his vote against the tariff bill, bore out our other theory that a lobbyist won't do himself what he asks other men to do. Watch Grundy and see if it is not good policy to put the bosses in office. Bad principals are much better than good agents.

■ ■

DISBARMENT is no longer a disgrace; not in Colorado; not to the attorney disbarred. Ben B. Lindsay, the founder and Judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver has been disbarred by the Supreme Court of Colorado. We all know Lindsay. The civilized world knows and has been moved by what he has done for bad boys and girls. The scientific minded are proposing to apply his principle and practices to bad men and women. That man has moved civilization up an inch or two. There is no doubt about Judge Lindsay and there need be no doubt now about the Supreme Court of Colorado. There has been some. There have been rumors, suspicions, but no certain contempt till now. Now that the very human justices on that dubious bench have used their authority to "get" their old enemy, the Kids' Judge, they have justified our lay contempt of the court.

Lindsay accepted, with consent of the court concerned, a gift of money for doing for a rich family what he has done for so many poor families: he personally settled out of court a conflict of passions which was hurting them all, especially their children.

■ ■

SPEAKING of the power of the press: Look at the recent record of The Carmelite. We advocated a new jail, a separate place for young people, and the new detention home is to be built. We opposed the public purchase of the Monterey flying field by this district, and, immediately, a private company buys the airport and the public scheme is off. And, finally, we came out on Wednesday with our backing of the "Herald's" fight for a better train service in general, and in particular for a club car on the Del Monte Express, and our paper was hardly on the street when, lo and behold! we got the club car. By "we" we mean us and the "Herald," though our leading daily had led along in vain till our leading weekly spoke.

The Theatre . . .

By Adolf Genthe

For a man of the theatre to write of the theatre as if nothing else on earth mattered, as—being a man of the theatre—he must do if he writes at all, is only to invite from men and women of the world that polite and indulgent acquiescence which is so much deadlier than positive disagreement. Granville Barker once said something of this sort, doubtless in much better phrase, in an impassioned plea for governmental aid to the English theatre. In his case this principle was thoroughly demonstrated. The minister of education conceded the soundness and reasonableness and timeliness of his argument, and then proceeded to do exactly nothing. England still sends her Gordon Craigs into exile, while "Chu Chin Chow" sells out nightly for five consecutive years!

Kenneth Macgowan, in his new "Footlights Across America," devotes much space to Little Theatre finance. It appears that ninety-five organizations answered a comprehensive inquiry, the well known "Pasadena questionnaire," concerning income and outgo. From this store of information Mr. Macgowan has compiled a most interesting survey.

Of the sixty-nine simon-pure local theatres answering the questionnaire (viz., excluding the schools, colleges and universities), sixty-five have memberships of various forms guaranteeing an income outside box office sales. Of these, fifty-two reported that they sold season tickets. Chicago's Hull House is virtually the only well-known institution that sells its admission privileges exclusively through single ticket sales at the box-office.

At the other extreme is the Petit Theatre du Vieux Carré in New Orleans, directed by Walter Sinclair. There, no tickets whatever are sold to the general public for individual performances, admission being only by membership cards bought for the season.

The system generally practiced throughout the United States, and apparently applied locally at the Golden Bough in 1926 and 1927, combines the season ticket plan with the sale of single admissions. With less than half a dozen exceptions, every Little Theatre organization that has relied upon the hand to mouth method of finance, living as it were from show to show, has gone to the wall.

Another system of advance sales added to boxoffice sales, is the "script" system. This plan has been practiced, says Mr. Macgowan, by Pasadena Community, Berkeley Playhouse and other groups. It simply provides a somewhat lower rate for admissions bought in bulk. These admissions are good at any time throughout the season; they may be used on a large theatre party for a single day, or they may be strung out one at a time through the whole season. It is recommended as a practical and convenient arrangement. I understand that some such "script" plan is incorporated in the proffered local season for 1930. Mr. Macgowan says that Pasadena has been compelled to discard the plan in favor of a strict dated season ticket arrangement because audiences have tended to stay away from a play for the first week, wait until they have heard favorable opinion and then flood the theatre with cheap "script" during the last few days of the play's run, crowding out the boxoffice public. This objection would hardly obtain in Carmel, where two or at most three nights have been the limit of a play's run.

The local theatres will apparently offer ample seating capacity for many years to come.

■ ■

One of the most surprising facts developed by Mr. Macgowan's survey is that the surviving Little Theatres of importance all receive some form of subvention or subsidy. Only a few receive this, however, by way of direct endowment or gift. After many years of development by the method of trial-and-error, the local non-commercial theatre has settled upon a form of pseudo-endowment on which it can depend, according to Mr. Macgowan.

This external support consists in the sale of a more expensive form of "membership" than the ordinary playgoer buys in order to see the plays. These solid pillars of the non-commercial theatre structure are called "sustaining members," sometimes "patrons" or "founders." They pay from twenty-five to one hundred dollars per year, or even more, receiving in turn no material advantage beyond the ordinary season ticket. Throwing out of the Pasadena questionnaire all the educational theatres enjoying endowment in free rent and free direction, Mr. Macgowan reports twenty-six out of twenty-nine local theatres as enjoying some form of endowing membership.

Mr. Macgowan concludes this portion of his chapter with the following interesting suggestions: "Endowment by means of sustaining or patron members is better than shutting up shop. It is a good method of financing improvements in physical equipment . . . . such endowment should be utilized also to increase the ordinary membership. I believe it is essential that these patrons should be given as many member-subscriptions as their yearly contributions would purchase, and that they should be **required** to give these extra subscriptions—perhaps as Christmas or birthday present to friends who may thus become interested in the theatre and join later as subscribers in their own right. Patronage would thus build towards a larger and more self-supporting audience."

■ ■

These thoughts, culled from Mr. Macgowan's new book, may be found to be of value in connection with the local situation, which appears to me to be drifting.

■ ■

Can any old-Timer tell me why Carmel has never affiliated with the Drama League of America? In this critical moment of the American theatre it is well to remember that for twenty years that organization has held single-mindedly to its purpose; to project a wise and dignified drama program which shall finally succeed in making the nation theatre-conscious in the best and finest sense.

Linoleum cut by Allan Wood (aged seven)

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1919 1929

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THE PATH OF THE WIND, by John Burton. (Barry, San Francisco; Seven Arts, Carmel.)

A slender volume of poems has been put into my hands for review. I accepted it doubtfully. To read and enjoy or put by is one thing; to make vocal feelings of pleasure or less-than-pleasure, quite another. Criticism—a bore. Unless one has discovered the always possible lode-vein. Then the prospector bursts to discover his treasure to the world with decorous huzzas. Thus one feels on finding the poetry of John Burton.

"And he walks no more to
the temple,
But takes his road on under
the stars.
Over the wind-swept earth. . . .

One reads and is as though touched with the spirit of Donne:

"Must she stand there
As stands the tree,
Firm rooted, near,
And visibly?
Such love
Were but of time and pain,
Not of eternity . . .
Love before sight . . .

That is the love
For me."

The poet sings on with mingled essence his ethereal song of spirit predominating:

"All through the day
We flew
From height to height,
In glad companionship,

With speed that springs
Only from quest of One
By two,

Who pass through light
To light until they sight
Anew their momentary home
Upon some peak,

And fold their wings,
And nestle close for sleep,
And tell their love . . .

* * * * *

Waking at rosy dawn
I spied a peak
Far off and loftier far
Than where we'd slept,

I woke you with a kiss,
We spread our wings,
Into the skies we leapt,

And sailed adown
The winds of heaven again,
With throbbing eagerness,

Both for the peace
We'd left,
And our new distant home . . . .

Ah Love—
The mountains never end . . ."

—G. W.

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PENINSULA WRITERS IN CURRENT PERIODICALS

(From the Magazine Department of the Seven Arts)

"Beware the Golf Bollweevil," humorous article by Bruce Logie, in the "American Golfer" for December.

"How the Weather Affects Your Health," in the "American Magazine" for December.

"Perspective," article by Lincoln Steffens, in the "San Franciscan" for December.

"Conversation on the Cinema," by Marcella Burke, in the "San Franciscan" for December.

"But Once a Year," humorous article by William Rose Benét, in the "Golden Book" for December.

"Star Dust," article by Marcella Burke, in "Game and Gossip" for December.

"Gay Deceivers," short story by Kathleen Norris, in the "Cosmopolitan" for January.

"Téa Nua Nua," short story by Gouverneur Morris, in the "Cosmopolitan" for January.

THE EDITORIAL CIRCUIT RIDER

(A symposium of editorial comment from California newspapers.)

by Homer L. Roberts

What shall we do with our "old men" of forty and over? Oslerize them via the chloroform route? Fire them from their jobs, pack them off to the poorhouse and turn their families over to the county?

The organized effort California is making to answer these questions has already attracted nationwide attention. The great Carnegie Foundation considered the problems of enough importance to appropriate $10,000 to Stanford University to make a thorough study of the "Fire at Forty" situation.

Credit for initiating the movement goes to Will J. French, director of the department of industrial relations, who pointed out in a report to Governor Young that many employers in California had denied work to men past the age of forty years.

"In Contra Costa county," says Will Sharkey in the Martinez "Standard," "one industrial plant has fixed an age limit of thirty-five years, and no one is given employment who has passed that milestone. Adoption of this policy has denied employment to thousands of good men in this county and elsewhere in the state. Most men are vigorous and fully capable of performing splendid service up to sixty-five years of age. A man at sixty is still considered a young man."

Something has happened to American industry if it has no place in its ranks for the middle-aged man, insists the San Francisco "Call Bulletin." "Has industry's pace been increased so greatly that no man who is not in the lusty vigor of his youth can keep up with the work demanded of him?" asks that newspaper.

Although the fault may be that of the industries, it is also partly with the adults themselves, according to the Los Angeles "Times," which believes the problem, after all, is largely a mental affair. "When a thinker is too sluggish to take up with a new idea," says the "Times," "he may expect to be shunted aside by youth. When men are mentally alert, instead of being fired at forty they will be fit at fifty and sought at sixty." Editor John King of the Hemet "News" endorses this theory, adding that, "above all, a man should lay aside routine duties frequently for the purpose of indulging in systematic thinking. Many men are able to evolve their best ideas in some quiet spot away from the scene of their daily labor."

The Bakersfield "Californian" cites the example of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company of Pittsburg, whose employees are to be benefitted by guaranteed incomes when they retire at sixty-five or over. "This plan has no earmarks of paternalism or charity that made the old-style pension systems objectionable to employer and employee alike," editorializes the "Californian."

Men over forty and men under forty should take up the challenge, declares the Palo Alto "Times," which explains as follows: "Men over forty should be interested because they are immediately affected by the discriminatory absurdity, and men under forty because in less time than they now realize they too will be at the place where the rule will relegate them to the human scrap heap unless something is done to check the spread of the custom."

There's much hope for ultimate solution of the Fire at Forty problem, declares the San Jose "Mercury Herald," which quotes Professor Lewis M. Terman of Stanford University, one of the two men assigned to make the Carnegie Foundation study, as follows: "Perhaps we have paid too much attention to the problems of childhood and not enough to the problems and psychology of the adult. Statistics show that the span of life is constantly expanding, and we may discover that the span of man's usefulness and efficiency is vastly increased."

EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK

What is going to happen to California's public schools if Mexican children keep crowding into them in increasing numbers?

This question has been propounded to Governor Young in connection with a census report received by him from Paul S. Taylor of the University of California, showing that Mexican children number 65,572, or more than 9.4 per cent of all the elementary school children in the state.

The report, including Mexican, Japanese and negro school children in the state, contained these figures:

MONTEREY COUNTY

	Mexican.	Japanese.	Negro.
Total enrollment in Schools	277	498	32
Percentage of total enrollment in the County	4.7	8.4	.5

Most of the Mexican children are concentrated in Southern California, where Mexicans perform most of the labor in citrus orchards, walnut groves and vineyards. The interior valleys of California are the secondary areas of Mexican penetration.

Japanese, it was found, are engaged in more independent farm operations. In California, Japanese school children number 17,264, or 2.5 per cent of the total enrollment. Negroes tend to congregate in cities. In Los Angeles and the San Francisco bay area were found 67.46 of the total negro school enrollment of the state. This does not indicate a seasonal agricultural reserve, as in the case of Mexicans. Railroad employment is the main factor in building up negro colonies.

Negro school children in California number 9,021 or 1.3 per cent of the total school population.

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Linoleum cut by William Sharp (aged six)

WELL, WELL . . .

Abe: Do you know the story of the two holes in the ground?

Isaac: No.

Abe: Well, well . . . .

* * * *

From our contemporary, the "Peninsula Daily Herald": (December seventeenth): "On the same day that the bill was introduced a delegation from the Blasphemy Laws called upon the Society for the Abolition of the home secretary urging government support for the bill."

Well, well. . . .

* * * *

Four people, we hear, failed their real estate examination last week. Maybe one day one won't be able to buy any land in Carmel.

W. . . . W. . . .

* * * *

"Now, son" said mama, over on the job of inculcating good manners, "if you don't eat with your mouth shut Billy's mother won't let him come to your house again."

Son: "But I can go to Billy's house, can't I?"

* * * *

This business of teaching manners.

Said Jim: "Pass me a piece of bread."

Said his mother: "What else?"

Jim: "Jam."

* * * *

Generosity in the Youngest Set: Small Shim Newby many months ago gave his ferry-boat to Joel Sturtevant to hold. Joel didn't let go. Shim graciously left his toy with the baby.

This year his mother asked, "What do you want for Christmas, Shim?"

Shim: "Well, you 'member that ferry-boat that baby took."

State News . . .

(By arrangement with United Press)

It will be a genuine "Merry Christmas" for each of California's twenty-one thousand state wards this year. A Christmas dinner of roast turkey or roast pork and "trimmings," Christmas presents for every one, and suitable entertainment or exercises in keeping with the day are on the program for the state prisons, insane hospitals, narcotics hospitals and boys' and girls' reformatories.

California has passed the two million mark in the registration of motor vehicles. The total on December first was 2,015,418, an increase of 184,813, or slightly more than ten per cent, over the same period in 1928. State registration totals have grown as follows:

1909	10,600
1914	123,516
1919	477,450
1924	1,350,752
1929	2,015,418

One by one the gubernatorial "dark horses" are led forth to public view. Today California has five candidates for governor, as follows:

Republican — Governor C. C. Young, State Controller Ray L. Riley, Buron Fitts and Cole Salling.

Democratic—Carl Alexander Johnson of San Diego.

The retirement of Friend W. Richardson from the gubernatorial scene as a candidate was the most unexpected political occurrence of the week.

After setting his corps of assistants to work, Dr. Frederick H. Allen, selected to carry out California's mental hygiene

study, has returned to Philadelphia until next June.

When his assistants have completed preliminary work, Dr. Allen will return and start assembling the data designed to give a real picture of conditions in California relating to delinquency and mental disorder, defect and disease. The survey was authorized by the 1929 legislature.

Spinal meningitis is steadily gaining a new foothold in California, according to the state Department of Public Health. Having claimed a total of three hundred and two lives between January and August of this year, the disease gives every indication of increasing during the winter months. During the last week-end, eighteen new cases were reported to the state authorities.

Of the total of three hundred and two deaths during the first eight months of the year, one hundred and eighteen were of foreign-born persons. Of this number one hundred and thirty-nine were Mexicans, fifty-seven Filipinos, sixteen Chinese and six Japanese. Male deaths numbered two hundred eighteen and females eighty-four.

Combatting blindness in babies, the Department of Public Health has distributed 26,406 outfits for use in preventing this affliction during the past year. They consist of two wax ampoules, each of which contains two drops of a two per cent solution of nitrate of silver. The eyes of newly-born babies are peculiarly liable to infection and the nitrate of silver is placed in the eyes at birth, in order to prevent development of infection which might result in blindness.

State law requires the Health Department to distribute the product free.

Marriage is staging a comeback in California. After a noticeable slump—due to enactment of the "gin marriage" act requiring three days' notice by couples of intention to wed—the marriage rate is again on the upward climb, reports the Bureau of Vital Statistics.

In 1926, before the act went into effect, the marriage rate was 1.37 per 1,000 of estimated population. After the law was adopted the rate dropped to 1.08 in 1928. But during the first ten months of 1929, a total of 43,454 couples went to the altar in California, a gain of more than 4,000 over the same period in 1928.

In Monterey county during the first ten months of this year a total of 397 couples were married, the state's records show. In 1928 the county's annual total was 403.

The most comprehensive study of its water resources ever attempted by the State of California is now in full swing. Embracing every section of the state, the investigation just now is being focused on the proposed salt water barrier on Carquinez Straits and water needs of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys.

Development of the individual pupil, rather than "mass education" is the new policy of California's public schools.

"The greatest loss which California can suffer," said Vierling Kersey, superintendent of public instruction, "is the failure of our youth to attain to that which it might have attained, had teaching and personal guidance been adequately provided."

For this reason, teachers of the state will be asked to stress the "life experiences," in school, by which the child learns by actual contact with experiences and problems. Furthermore, all education will be for a "definitely analyzed future, to fortify youth against future conditions."

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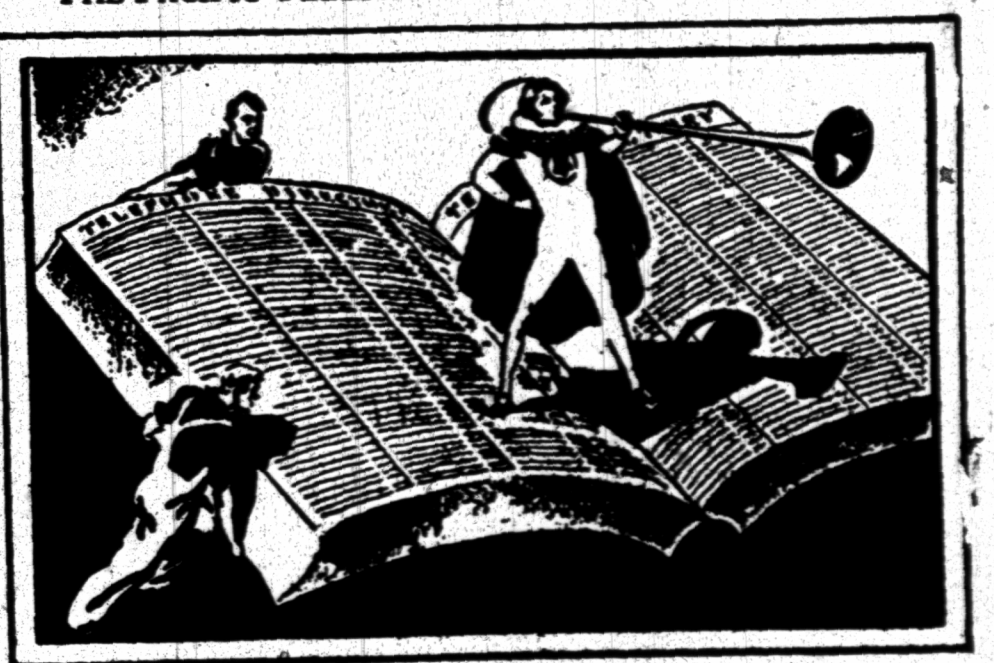

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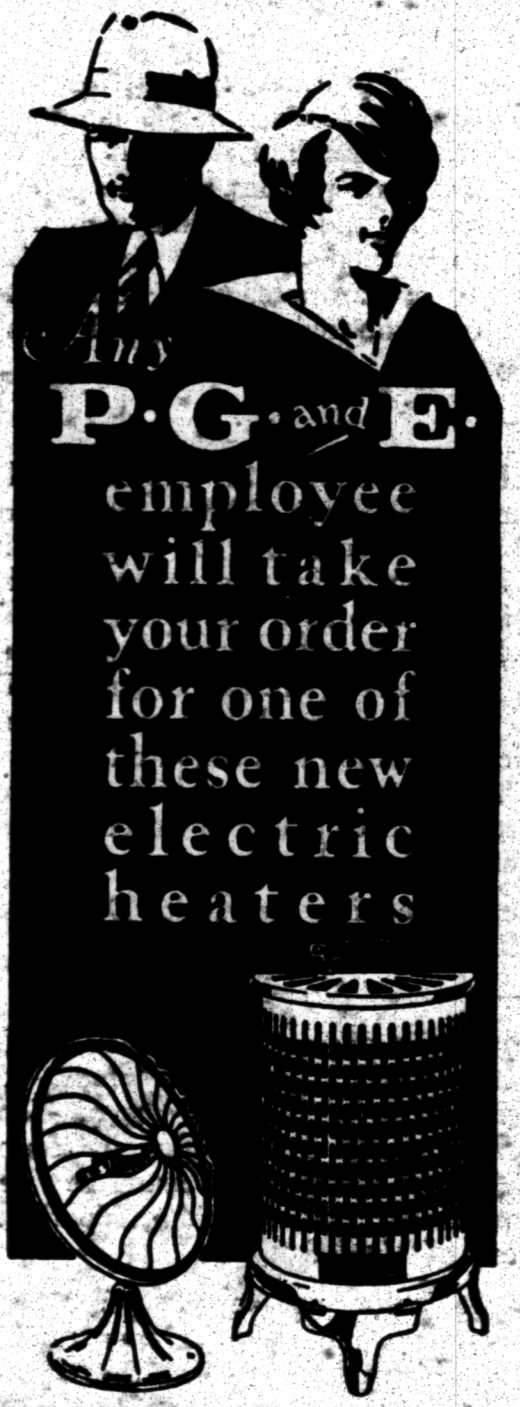

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